

Postscript by Jack Post

Let this serve as a warning to those nice people who plan to spend a quiet summer here in Duxbury. Quiet really does not exist here. Pleasant it can be, but quiet, no. Take sports, for example. The Duxbury Yacht Club calendar came last week, and the schedule lists something for every single day, from June 15 through the Tuesday after Labor Day--racing, sailing, golf, tennis, swimming, with a column left blank (!) for family plans.

Everything will be bigger and better than last year, too, like that second nine added to the golf course. When you realize that we have another very active golf club in town, plus any number of tennis courts (including new ones at the schools); flotillas of sailboats, put-puts, powerboats and fishermen; beach buggies enough to chew up all the dunes on the east coast; sufficient sand pails for the younger set to rebuild all the castles in Spain, you can understand our outdoor life can hardly be called secluded.

You can perhaps shrug that off with the thought that athletics do not enter into your life, and you plan to relax with a good book and a comfortable chair on the porch. Can you really? Or will you hear about the fascinating lecture series that the Duxbury Rural & Historical Society is announcing today, and feel that you must sign up for it? Where else can you listen to really top experts on historic china, like the Presidential china at the White House, on antique pewter, on the early architecture of Plymouth colony, on the Dutch influence on Pilgrim works of art?

If you do not choose to sit and listen, would you rather go look at such a wealth of things historical as almost no other town can equal--the Alden House, the Standish site, and the Myles Standish Park, where you can look over the whole bay, and imagine how the Pilgrims must have felt coming in here for the first time on a bleak December morning; the Bradford House, not yet open, but interesting enough from the outside; our lovely churches; the Cable House, with that fascinating story of that first cable; the stately ship captains' houses up and down Washington St.; and, of course, that masterpiece, the King Caesar House?

Stay away from antiquity if you plan to lead a contemplative life of your own for the summer months, for if you once begin to rise to the bait of the earlier years of Duxbury, you will be hooked on the fishline of history, and soon you will be netted by the great doings of the 350th year since the landing of the Pilgrims. It's a little hard to know what they are yet, because Plymouth did not seem to set much importance by the occasion in relation to the tax rate, then discharged their muskets at each other instead of the oncoming Indians, but plenty of people will be having plenty to say, which will bring in some interesting scalps, no matter what.

Before you get involved, look around, and maybe the King Caesar House, with its fascinating early American, even primitive, paintings and portraits, with those superb Dufour hand-painted French wallpapers which the Museum of Fine Arts helped us restore a year or so ago, should be one of your first stops after it opens next Tuesday, even if it did not have the new exhibit of commemorative Staffordshire china added to the other wonders.

You can get a pretty good panorama there, too, right from the first landing of the Pilgrims on Clark's Island (where the Rural & Historical Society owns an interesting piece of property, and where their annual Clark's Island Picnic will be held July 19), through the various Pilgrim houses and house sites, the rise of maritime Duxbury to shipping leadership of all of the United States, the Civil War, the landing of the French Cable--all things that happened here in this town of ours, to people whose houses and clothes and pictures you are seeing for yourself (but don't touch, please!). Their names grace many a street, and later generations of their children live here still. Yes, if you want a summer to yourself, leave it all alone; but if you want to explore the people and places of our background, you have fascinating days ahead.

Duxbury Clipper, Thursday, June 11, 1970